Crossed Out.

by Anthony Van Hart

Follow Stan around awhile.
Let him walk you through the rooms, structures, and clouds of his being that reveal junk drawers of "collectibles."

All the things - collected and kept - but never coveted or consumed.

Because he's taught himself or learned somewhere that
ownership holds a mightier reward than what's inside.

Anywhere. Everywhere.
People. Places. Things.
Burn them all down.
Break them to pieces.
Let them spill onto the floor.
Let them expire and evaporate back to nothing.

Beautiful. Delicate. Fragile. Rare. Once in a lifetime.

It will make no difference.
There's never been a there, there.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/anthony-van-hart/crossed-out»*
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